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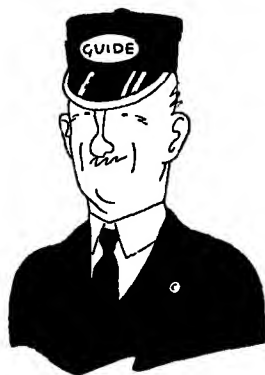
FOREIGNERS

FOREIGNERS

OR THE WORLD IN A NUTSHELL .

By THEODORA BENSON
and BETTY ASKWITH

NICOLAS BENTLEY drew the pictures



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Preface

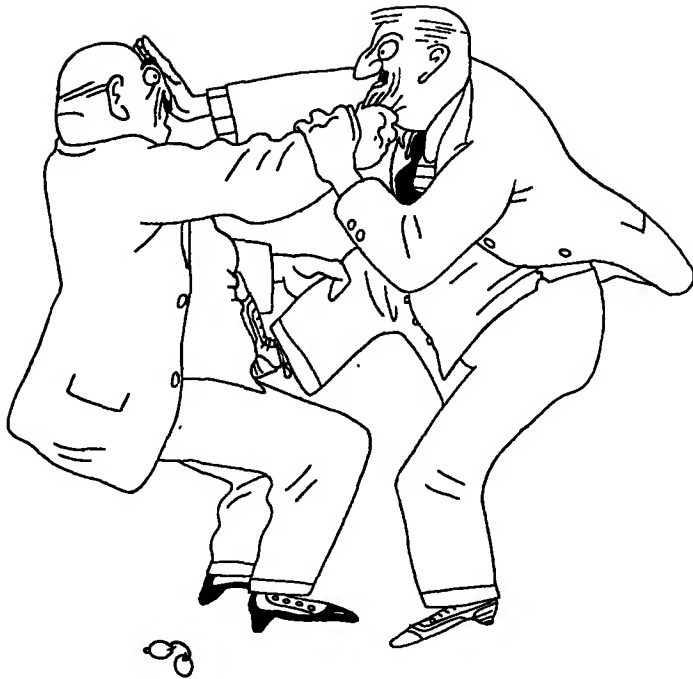
THERE IS AN OLD SAYING, “ Tout comprendre est tout pardonner ” (French). For the benefit of those Englishmen who have abstained, and rightly, from learning any language but their own we will translate this : “ To understand all is to forgive all.” Looking around the world to-day we see that the need (the need rather than the demand) for forgiveness far outruns all available supply. The Englishman sees that most foreigners are in a mess and is apt to reach the conclusion that almost every foreigner is a mess. The dagoes, the Germans, the Yankees, why, damn it, they simply seem to make trouble deliberately. Their thoughts, their actions, their words, both printed and spoken, generally seem unforgivable. Should we feel differently if we understood more ?

This little book is our contribution to World Peace. We have considered the idea that it is beneath an Englishman's dignity to understand other nations, and as we have not reached a definite conclusion on the subject we are working upon an ingenious and valuable compromise. We do not attempt to add anything new to the sum total of English knowledge of foreigners. What we here offer is a complete collection set forth with care and accuracy of all that is already known. We're not telling you, we're reminding you. This book will refresh your understanding, rub up your toleration and forgiveness, strengthen you in the task of dealing

patiently with foreigners. And as many of them have had the elementary decency to learn English it will teach them to understand each other.

We are hoping for the Nobel Prize.





Disagreement in the French Chambre

The French

TREMENDOUS advances have been made since the days when all that was known about the French was that "they are a polite people, fond of dancing and light wine." Indeed there are few people about whom we know more. We have even un-learnt a little. For instance, it is no longer believed that the French eat snails and frogs daily. Less certainty is felt about revising the opinion that Frenchmen kiss each other on the boulevards whenever two male acquaintances meet. Of course it is not the non-stop phenomenon it was once known to be, but the fact does remain that Frenchmen kiss each other in public.

The French are very clever. They are both intellectual and intelligent. This is of course most undesirable. Brains generally imply something false, unsound and shabby, and it is well known that it is character that counts. As regards character the French are sadly deficient. A leading piece of knowledge concerns their meanness. They are fanatically mean. Frenchmen know each other for years without ever being asked into each other's houses for a bite to eat or for a snort to drink. It is justly remembered

in their defence, however, that one of the reasons that the French are so inhospitable to foreigners is that the *foyer* is really too sacred to ask people to.

It is curious about the *foyer*, because it is well known that there is no word for "home" in the French language and that this proves that there are no homes in France. The importance, the inviolability of the *foyer* (or hearth) is equally acknowledged. In its honour divorce is eschewed and households are kept together at any cost. Family life is a sort of religion. A young married couple and their children always live in the same house as the parents and the grandparents of one of them. Young married couples in France never have any children. A man is ruled in many ways by his mother till the day of her death ; he may deceive but never defy her. There are no love marriages in France. All the French, both men and women, are by temperament wholly and stupendously immoral. For all their rigid meanness and economy there is not a Frenchman, in Paris at any rate, who does not keep both a mistress and a wife.

Although the immorality of the French is a byword, the many immoral entertainments of Paris—a sink of rather laughable iniquity—are all on account of the tourists. Montmartre and Montparnasse are the chief American colonies.

It is allowed by all, but with special reference to the intelligentsia, that the French attitude to sex is sane, balanced, and eminently sensible. This is an admirable thing because nobody, except of course the English, ought to be quite as inhibited or as romantic as the English are. It should, however, be noted in reference to French sanity concerning, and mastery of, sex problems, that as it is well known that the French think of nothing but sex it would be unfortunate if their reflections had brought them nowhere.

The chief French theatres are the Folies Bergères and the

Comédie Française, and French actresses always act in the nude. The French are artistic and take an interest in every branch of creative art. This interest is cold and lacking in poetry, but very excitable and liable to lead to pandemonium. There is always pandemonium in parliament, where people boo and scream continually and slap each other's faces. In France no gentlemen go in for Government, but they get worked up about its being so corrupt and strangely full of scandals.

French crime falls into two classes, scandals (bad) and *crimes passionelles* (good). Only *crime passionelles* ever come before a jury, and consequently no jury will ever convict in France. Scandals all spring from the staggering corruption of members and employés of the Government. They are never unravelled, but someone is sent to Devil's Island, and on coming back seventeen years later is found to be innocent. Devil's Island is a convict settlement where malefactors endure a life so savagely insalubrious that only the chain gang competes with it (see America).

A notable French institution which operates in Algiers and Morocco (see Africa) is the Foreign Legion. There are no Frenchmen in it under the rank of sergeant. The privates suffer well nigh insupportable brutality and rigour, and they are recruited entirely from the scum of the earth and from dissolute English noblemen screening the family honour behind the name of Smith.

Most Frenchmen are Parisians, not nice, and a few live in other French towns and are bourgeois and not nice either. Nothing is known about other French towns. In the country live the peasants, who unlike the rest of the French are rather fine fellows in a grim, compressed, hardworking, economical way. There is also a grand and ancient aristocracy in France which is very wonderful and inaccessible and which we all respect.

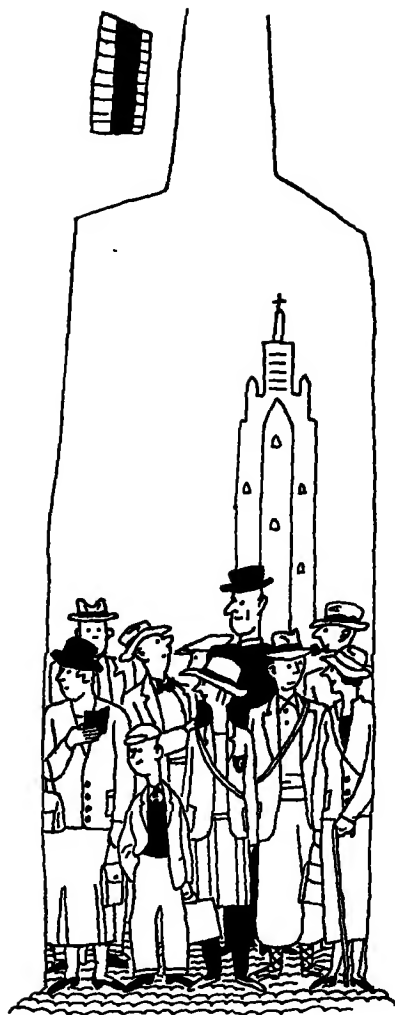
The French—and here we strike a welcome note—are brave. They are patriotic. They are immensely sentimental over two

things, *la Patrie* and *la Maman*. The French are an intensely logical, reasonable, precise nation, utterly unsentimental. There is something cold, ruthless and cruel about this logical temperament. The French are excitable to the verge of hysteria.

The French have no colour prejudice whatever. They just cannot conceive how anybody could have. In actual fact you do not see French ladies and gentlemen married to negroes and there has never been a black President or Premier, but this is merely a sustained matter of hazard.

Food in France is excellent. It is the only country where you can get a decent omelette or really good coffee. Coffee in France is bad because it is made with chicory. The English and the French do not get on well together. The graspingness and want of imaginative sympathy in France makes half the trouble in Europe. The French are fond of anything new. The French are witty. The French have only two jokes. The French have no sense of humour.





Too many Cooks (Tourists) —

2

The Swiss

THE SWISS YODEL. It is their only form of artistic impulse or expression, except carving miniature wooden chalets and diminutive bears.

Art of course is not a good thing in itself, far from it. Yet the absence of art is always considered a stigma. Possibly there is some superstitious origin for this ruling.

The activities of the Swiss are many and varied, and they are all commercial. The Swiss keep hotels. The Swiss have a special kind of milk. The Swiss make chocolate. The Swiss make cheese. The Swiss keep goats. The Swiss make watches. The Swiss make cuckoo clocks. The Swiss guide tourists on ropes up mountains and perish on the Matterhorn.

Switzerland is full of alps and glaciers and canyons and flowers called eidelweiss and gentians. It is full of tourists and has great natural beauty. The Swiss, living in the midst of these beautiful surroundings, have a great down on beauty. They are themselves plain, and everything they make is hideous. The Swiss have a tendency to goitre.

The Swiss have no language of their own, and as they have been unable to decide between French and German, they talk both very badly.

The Swiss have Geneva and Geneva has the League of Nations, but you would be giving a false impression if you said that the Swiss have the League of Nations. The Swiss have winter sports, and, of course, the Family Robinson.

Switzerland is very expensive. The Swiss subsist to a great extent on doing tourists. They are practical, grasping, avaricious, commercial and without soul. Very few people have heard any good of the Swiss. And yet they have one supreme, undeniable and unique virtue. They never make trouble of any kind in Europe.





Spit in your eye and first on the right

The Dutch

THE DUTCH are fat and fair and jolly. They all eat and drink enormously, but this is not gross as in the case of the Germans. It is comic and a part of their general jollity. They are hospitable, and this means that if entertained by a Dutchman you must eat and drink to bursting point too.

The Dutch, especially historically, have much in common with the English. They are Protestant and tough and good colonisers and good sailors, and so just are the English that it is well known how a Dutch Admiral named Van Tromp once swept them out of somewhere by the device of tying a broom to his mast-head. On the other hand Holland is a more bourgeois country than England, full of plain prosperous men and unfashionable women.

Everyone knows the fact that,

*In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is giving too little and asking too much.*

And everyone knows about Dutch courage being some sort of an

alcoholic beverage. But there are many products of Holland that are wrapped in mystery. Why "Dutch uncle"? Why "Dutch treat"? Why "My old Dutch"? Why the expression "to get in Dutch" with someone? Why "double Dutch" for incomprehensible speech? And why out of all the races of Europe do we choose as an illustration of unlikelihood the suggestion of being Dutch: "It's so—or I'm a Dutchman"? Surely it would be more tellingly impossible to affirm "or I'm a dago." Perhaps it would not be dignified however even in fun for an Englishman to imagine such a contingency as that.

The Dutch are of course fanatically clean and air the mattresses in the street, which wouldn't be clean in some countries, and wash the outsides of the houses. The entire country is known to be as flat as my hat and well below sea level. The sea is kept out by dykes on which the safety of the entire population depends. Every now and then a child finds a leak in a lonely bit of dyke and heroically stops the hole for hours and hours by putting in its finger or by sitting on it.

Everyone knows about Dutch bulbs which carpet the entire country with brilliant colours in spring; about windmills, canals, Dutch tiles, wooden shoes, and baggy trousers; also that the country girls wear white caps and an unheard-of quantity of petticoats. It is also known that Dutch towns are quaint.

The Dutch speak a very rude language that sounds like spitting.

The capital of Holland is the Hague, a town consisting of international conferences. The other best known town is Amsterdam, populated by merchants dealing in stolen diamonds. Several Dutch towns have been heard of. It is important not to confuse Haarlem with Harlem, the latter being the negro quarter of New York (see America). There are no negro quarters in Holland. There is a port at Rotterdam. Everyone has heard that there are the Amsterdam Dutch and the Rotterdam Dutch and the

Potsdam Dutch and the other damn Dutch. It is also known that Potsdam is in Germany and devoid of Dutch altogether.

The Dutch are never passionate. They are phlegmatic, practical and sane, except about tulips. They are brave and honest. On the whole they are quite a desirable proposition, not unlike rather comic Englishmen. Owing to their jollity it is just possible that the Dutch have an abortive inkling of very primitive sense of humour.



They eat horse

4

The Belgians

BELGIUM is little and gallant. Belgians talk bad French and worse Dutch and are dirty. They probably talk good Flemish, but what use is that anyway? They eat horse.



What about the Walloons ?

5

The Flemish and the Walloons

THE FLEMISH are rather a puzzle, though to do them justice they are in no way a Problem. Everyone knows that Holland and Belgium are two different countries inhabited quite distinctly by the Dutch and the Belgians. Flanders and the Flemish seem to have got put down on top somehow overlapping a bit of both of them.

'And what about the Walloons ?



De Valera

6

The Irish

THE IRISH hate the English.

The Irish live in cabins. So do the pigs and the hens who are treated entirely as members of the family, and would be quite at home, if there were one, in the parlour. This does not count exactly as kindness to animals because the cabins are very insalubrious.

The Irish live on potatoes and whiskey, and occasional pig, when they can afford it. Whiskey is spelt with an e before the y to distinguish it from Scotch, and when home brewed it is spelt potheen to distinguish it from everything. The pig is whimsically known as the gentleman who pays the rent, and an Irish woman calls the pig and her husband "himself" indiscriminately, which is rather democratic and un-class-conscious.

The English know that it always rains in Ireland. It is therefore very green in Ireland which is often alluded to in English literature as the Emerald Isle. The rain accounts for another well-known feature, the widespread bogs. It may also be the reason why shamrocks (often four-leaved) grow in great profusion. Owing

to St. Patrick there are no snakes in Ireland, and this is only just, for there are troubles enough.

Irish girls are very beautiful, with dark hair, grey eyes, lovely skins, bare feet, and shawls over their heads. They are called colleens, and their names are Bridget, Molly and Kathleen. Irish surnames start with O apostrophe, with the exception of Doyle. Irish boys, who are frequently gossoons, are named Michael and Patrick.

The Irish are Roman Catholics.

The Irish have charm. This is really one of their big smash hits and has never had doubt cast on it. It consists largely of flattery which no one believes, and which is known as blarney, and of quite disinterested though sometimes misleading lying. They also lie, and indeed they can never be believed, but that is different.

The Irish language—as apart from Erse, which no one bothers about except the Irish, and is all Celtic and incomprehensible—is quaint. For “ Shall I shoot him ? ” they say, “ Will I be afther shooting of him ? ” and when drunk they explain that they have dhrink taken. Belief that they ejaculate begorra or bejabers with every sentence is, however, losing ground.

The Irish would seem in a way to combine some of the most disagreeable characteristics of other foreign nations. They are nearly as temperamental as the Russians, and as volatile as the Italians. They leap continually from mood to mood. To put it in as nauseous a way as possible “ they have the gift of tears and of laughter.” (They have also the most charming voices ; quote that revolting little sentence written above in an Irish voice, and it will have the genuine ring of poetry—which perhaps partly explains things).

They are cruel. Their favourite sport is landlord-shooting from behind hedges.

Like the Jews they form themselves into secret societies and plot and plot and plot.

Worse than all, they are full of Soul and of Poetry. Irish poets often write like this :

*“ In the grey distant hills of Connemara,
Where the waters of Slieve-na-bo run down to the
grey misty river
There wrapped in a grey and immemorial twilight
Sits Deidre the Mother of Sorrows.”*

The Irish are priest-ridden in a wholly undesirable way, except in the North (Ulster) which is quite different from the rest of Ireland. There they are dour, grim, honest, black, bitter, loyal and Orange, and they worship Sir Edward Carson.

A word should also be said about the American Irish, because New York, as well as being the largest Italian city in the world, the largest German city in the world, the largest Jewish city in the world, the largest Swedish, Danish, Chinese, Negro and American city in the world, is the largest Irish city in the world. The Irish emigrated there in immense quantities owing to poverty and English cruelty, grew extraordinarily large and tough, and became thugs, gangsters, policemen and fraudulent low-class politicians. They are the origin of all the graft and violence in America and they are far the best and bravest of the police.

All the Irish, north, south and American, love fighting.

Ireland is a Problem. In its palmy days no nation in the world, not even the Fancy Dress Nations in the Balkans, who were always notorious trouble-breeders; was half such an explosive subject. Now, however, the Problem has at least partially been solved by the happy thought of not caring what happens to Ireland, which seems to suit all parties.

Ireland is now governed by Mr. de Valera, who is Mexican and has a face like something seen in a spoon, and the Dail, pronounced it is uncertainly believed Doyle, or possibly Dawle, where they scream and slap each other's faces almost as much as in the French Chambre.

The Irish have a very few redeeming points. They have great natural dignity and all the peasants have the manners of dukes and duchesses and look a great deal more impressive. The Irish are very pure and not particularly inhibited; this is not due to non-apprehension as in the case of the Scandinavians, but is just a rare and beautiful phenomenon.

These two points however would hardly seem to count against those formidable disadvantages we have cited. A temperamental and tempestuous nation riddled by plots and by poetry scarcely seems a fit subject to command the respect of the English. And yet the English have a sort of uneasy admiration for Ireland. (Maybe, partly because it has stood out against them so long; it takes a good man to do *that*). They admit that they cannot understand the Irish. This is a terrific concession, because though there are many nations that the English do not understand, that is simply because they do not care to. They could understand any nation well enough if they took the trouble, but not the Irish, who they know they can't, not if they try with both hands.

Although the Irish take themselves and their country with a seriousness fully as heavy as Hungary and Czechoslovakia, it is even generally admitted that the Irish have a Sense of Humour.





The shape of a Scottish great grandmother

The Scotch

THE SCOTCH are an Awful Retribution. They are to the English what the English are to the Continent. They just have a *natural consciousness of their own superiority*. And because they take it so for granted the English have an uneasy sneaking sort of feeling that there may be something in it. Give a plain sober God-fearing Englishman the ghost of an excuse in the shape of a Scotch great-grandmother, and he will be dressing himself up in kilts and even learning the bagpipes as soon as look at you.

The Scotch have a list of things that is positively frightening. They have heather. This grows almost everywhere but it only counts in Scotland. They have golf. They have Harry Lauder. They have bagpipes. They have haggis (this is sacred). They have Robbie Burns (even more sacred). They have kilts and plaids and bonnets. They have whaups and whins and banks and braes and lochs and lomonds and bairns and bens. They also "go ben the house." One cannot say why they do this.

They are theological and Calvinistic and have a great many variants of extremely Protestant religions. They sing the Psalms

and some rather uncharted things called Paraphrases. And they have the Shorter Catechism which is twice as long as anything else.

They employ the adjectives "wee," "bonny," and "braw."

England is run by Scotchmen. They compose the Cabinet, the Bench, the Royal Medical Council and the Chelsea Football team.

The Scotch live on porridge and whisky, and of course haggis. This is a kind of boiled pudding made of insides and is produced at festivities.

The Scotch have no sense of humour. Not in the way that other nations have no sense of humour, but in a very positive and peculiar and striking way of their own. So that it becomes almost an advantage. And all the jokes about their lack of it are made in Scotland.

They are also MEAN (in the same positive and peculiar and striking way) though they are really very generous. And all the jokes about Aberdonians are made up in Aberdeen.

They are dour.

For some unknown and affected reason they like to call themselves Scots instead of Scotch.

They are the most God Awful Bores.





“ Land of my Fathers ! ”

The Welsh

COMPARED with the mass of disturbing and irrelevant material available about the Scotch and the Irish, little is known about the Welsh. But that little is well and truly known. The three main facts are these :

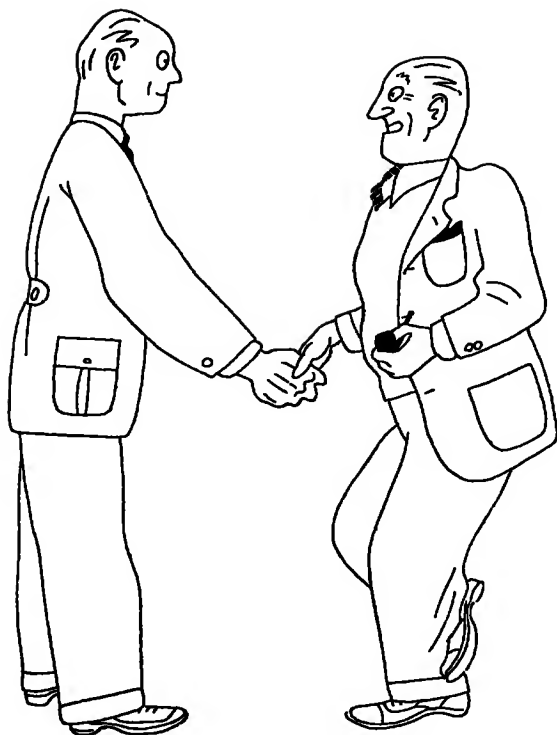
The Welsh are thieves and liars.

The Welsh can sing.

The rest of the information is very minor. The Welsh used to wear high pointed hats and red shawls but probably do so no longer. The Welsh language is very beautiful and consists entirely of consonants. Drawing up outside a wayside station you are likely to be confronted with the following : Plmnycfmlydnrnlldmn. The Welsh have Eistedfodds ; here of course they sing—in Welsh. The Welsh wear leeks and daffodils at football matches and sing “ Land of my Fathers ”—but in Welsh.

The Welsh are small and dark and their names are Morgan, Effans, Chones and Lloyd. The christian name is Taffy.

The Welsh, and this is a very salient thing about them, have Lloyd George.



Coming to grips

The Scandinavians

THE ENGLISH like the Scandinavians. The Scandinavians are splendid. They are swell. The Scandinavians are all right.

The English like all the Scandinavians. The Scandinavians live in three different countries—Denmark, Norway and Sweden, The Danes live further south and have less snow and reindeer than the other two. The Swedes are pro-German and the Norwegians are pro-English so the Norwegians are slightly better, but it really makes less difference than you could suppose because the English like them all.

The English like all the Scandinavians no matter what their country, because they are all of them exactly alike. They are big and fair and broad-shouldered, with piercing blue eyes that look you straight in the face, regular features and crisp blond hair. The girls have pure madonna faces, and both sexes shake hands with you in an open, direct way that does your heart good.

The Scandinavians are very hardy owing to the cold and general peculiarity of the climate, such as the rigours of the midnight sun. At some times of year it never gets dark at all and sometimes it

never gets light. The Scandinavians are fearless. They are also very fond of sport and good at it, not cricket itself, but skiing and sailing and fishing and things like that, all around the lakes and river torrents and snow-clad mountains and pine forests and reindeer with which Nature has so liberally endowed them. They are absolutely honest, very laborious and of an immense simplicity. Their minds are so pure and childlike that the sexes bathe naked together in broad daylight without noticing any difference. The English are pure too, but are rather more adult about that sort of thing. In other respects, however, the English are more bonhomously childish than the Scandinavians who are rather serious-minded and never either old or really young.

There is a lot of sex equality and freedom and self-respect and enlightened divorce in Scandinavia.

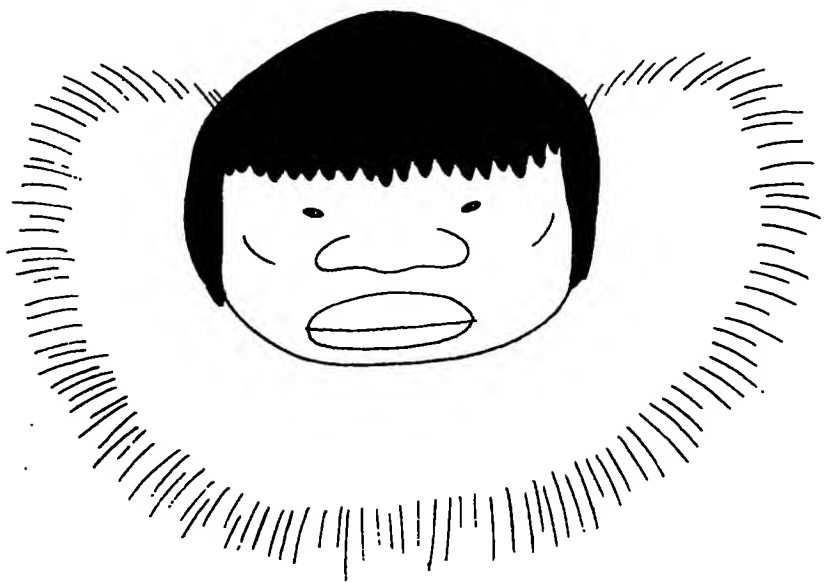
The Scandinavians drink a great deal, but this is not either gross or jolly : it just happens to be quite all right because it's so cold and they are so big and serious. In fact it is rather manly of these heavily constructed men. They live on smoked reindeer and salmon, and are christened Olaf and Axel.

The Northern countries are very democratic. The Royal Families run to catch the bus. The Swedish Royal Family makes morganatic marriages.

Ibsen, Greta Garbo, and the Nobel Prize are Scandinavian.

It is the only flaw in the sterling creatures, but these excellent Scandinavians have no sense of humour.





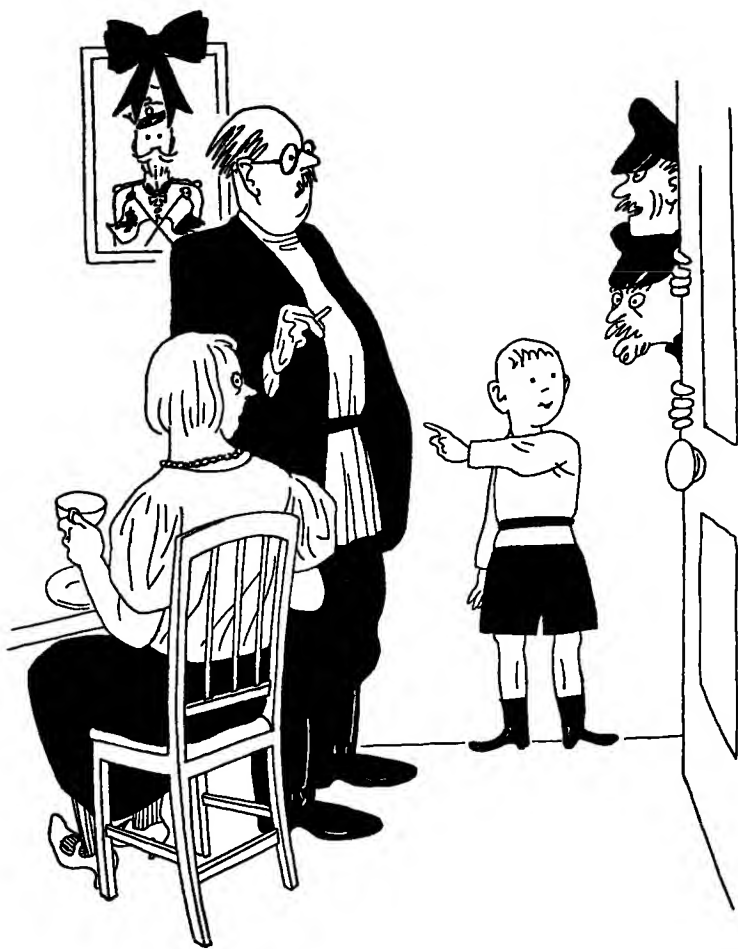
Eskimo Beauty

The Eskimos

VERY LITTLE is known about the Eskimos in spite of the plucky effort of Francis Lederer, who once acted in a film as a romantic and passionate Eskimo.

Eskimos live rather vaguely in Lapland, Iceland and Greenland. On the other hand there are people called Lapps who, of course, live in Lapland, but who may or may not be Eskimos. Iceland is much warmer than you'd expect and Greenland much colder; in fact Greenland is covered with ice and Iceland is rather green. It is a mistake to suppose that Eskimos live in Finland; indeed, if anything whatever happened to be known about them, it is even possible that Finns might have had to be included in Scandinavia. (See Scandinavians).

Eskimos dress in fur and either their huts or their babies are called igloos. They have absolutely flat yellow faces which almost engulf their small eyes and noses. They keep sledge dogs which eat each other. They live in tiny huts without chimneys or windows, lighted by small oil lamps, if at all. Their babies wear fur swaddling clothes. Eskimos subsist upon whales' blubber, and very naturally have no sense of humour.



The Betrayal

The Russians

TWO GREAT DIFFICULTIES confront the student who bends his attention on Russia. One will be sufficient to begin with.

The first difficulty is the amount of conflicting knowledge concerning Russia that is available. There is Russia before the revolution. And there is Russia after the revolution, version A and version B.

It is nice, however, that we have a great many facts about the Russian character (or, as it is more correctly called, temperament) that are indisputable. The Russians are temperamental. This results in excessive bursts of misdirected energy, excessive ferocity, and excessive, passive despair. It also results in none of these phases making any real difference to the owner of the temperament, although in the case of excessive ferocity the difference is sometimes irrevocable to the recipient. Even so, something similar would have happened if that hadn't, and in any case nothing ever could have been done about it.

The Russians are melancholy. The Russians suffer. The Russians cannot do without suffering. A beneficent Providence

almost always produces an adequate amount of suffering for them, but when, as sometimes happens, demand exceeds supply, they create some out of their own minds and just sit about and suffer.

The Russians are artistic, talented and hopeless. They have music and literature and of course there is their pre-eminent product, the Russian ballet. They have sensitive minds. They talk well and they talk a great deal. There is no kind of activity they cannot have an interesting try at, and no kind of activity at which they can possibly succeed, except perhaps music, writing and the theatre, and certainly the ballet. Other undertakings are doomed from the start, and the Russians cannot really help themselves ; probably because they ought not, properly speaking, to be Europeans at all. They ought to be the most western section of the immemorial East. Something has gone wrong there.

The Russians drink tea all the time. This, instead of drawing us closer to them, only emphasises the difference. They take it without milk or sugar, putting lemon in and pouring it into glasses out of a samovar. To the Russian mind the samovar has a sacredness equivalent to the foyer of the French.

Pre-revolutionary Russia was inhabited by royalty, aristocracy and moujiks. The moujiks lived in grinding squalor and had the social status of slaves. They rather often committed suicide. Everybody called the Csar (or King) Little Father. There is a school of thought which holds that elderly priests, male parents and God were all called Little Father indiscriminately. People drove all over the place in droshkis and called each other John son of Alexis, or Alexis son of John, or Michael son of Michael, as the case might be. The Russian for Alexis son of John is Alexis Ivanovitch. Most Russian words end either in vitch or ski.

People who annoyed other people were sent to penal servitude in Siberia and never heard of again.

The court was very gorgeous and was run by Rasputin who was a monk and mad and terrible. He could cure illnesses by touching the sufferer, but otherwise was no good at all. It might well be doubted in Russia whether he was right in any case to tamper with suffering. He had orgies.

Leningrad was called St. Petersburg.

There were a lot of priests, very bearded, with long robes and gold crosses. The Russian church was neither Roman Catholic nor Protestant. There were monasteries. There were ikons, which were holy pictures kissed by everybody. Everybody rather often committed suicide.

In Russia after the revolution, version A, everyone is starving. The government insists on taking all the grain from the starving population and selling it to other nations, in order to ruin their farmers. Any grain that is left in Russia is all taken away from the agricultural population that grew it and given to the city population. So the peasants starve most.

Hungry people in the winter often eat boiled baby.

If you go to Russia you cannot see what you choose to see but only what you are shown. This fact does not apply to any other nation. It may therefore be assumed that if a Russian (probably bearded) arrives in England, unable to speak any English, he does not experience the faintest difficulty in seeing over Dartmoor Prison, Buckingham Palace, and the innermost workings of the General Post Office.

There are timber camps. Little is known about these except that they are very shocking and hopelessly insalubrious. Compare the chain gang (see America) and Devil's Island (see France).

Hordes of savage, naked children roam about like packs of wolves and live in drains. More normal children who live at home are taught to spy upon their parents and denounce them to the Ogpu, a fiendish and all-powerful kind of police. If the children

succeed in getting their parents executed, they are publicly commended.

Blasphemy is obligatory. Immorality is almost obligatory ; people go straight from marriage to divorce and have children (which are brought up by the State) by everyone. Ikons are illegal.

The most up-to-date and expensive machinery is installed, but no one can work it properly. Consequent failure is senselessly attributed to foreign sabotaging. Nothing the Communal State attempts pays or works in any direction.

It is unsafe not to denounce your neighbours, and the word of any spy is believed against anyone. Many are executed without trial ; but more often there is a trial, before which the prisoner is exposed for days and nights on end to unremitting third degree, and during which the prisoner is allotted counsels who dare not defend him on pain of death.

No one may think for himself, have a room to himself or enjoy any privacy. People are too bored and suspicious to fall in love, and everybody queues up for everything.

Russia after the revolution, version B, is enlightened.

One of the ways in which it is so enlightened is that men and women have absolutely equal rights in everything and are paid the same wages. When women are expecting babies, with reasonable likelihood of their expectations being fulfilled, they are exempt from work for months before zero hour and the employers have to go on paying them full wages. This does not prejudice anyone in favour of masculine workers. The State supplies the mothers with free milk in the most lavish and salubrious manner and then takes the babies off their hands for life, bringing them up by machinery at its own expense. This ensures a magnificent standard of health and education for all. There are no family quarrels.

Everyone is happy because there are such magnificent free

cinemas, theatres and other entertainment. No entertainments are worth seeing anywhere else in the world.

A Russian child is a responsible and valuable citizen by ten years old, and knows far more than any English statesman, scientist or philosopher.

The Russian system of justice is the only one in the world that is efficient and humane. Malefactors are considered from a psychological, medical, social and ethical point of view that brings out the best in them, even if it happens that they are executed.

The enlightened, sane divorce laws have raised the moral tone to a peak of rectitude never to be found in the rest of Europe, or in the U.S.A. Partly through this, partly through the fact that everyone is busy on happy, wholesome work for the community, there is no sex problem.

Everyone is happy because they are all taking part in a glorious, soul-stirring and successful campaign.

There is no distress in Russia.

And now it would be well to glance at the second difficulty confronting the thoughtful student of things Russian. This is that no one, no matter what side he takes, no matter what his point of view, no matter how noteworthy his knowledge, wit or attainments, can write or speak about Russia without becoming an unmitigated bore. We ourselves have re-read this little paper with yips of delighted interest, but remembering that stark reality, that emanation of deadliness, we are shaken. And so we hasten to conclude this chapter with three pieces of information universally accepted by all.

Cossacks are a kind of Russians who sing part songs, who ride, and who dance rather acrobatically and immensely strenuously. Russians call each other Comrade. Russia has steppes.



A Pole in the Corridor

The Poles, the Latvians, the Esthonians, etc.

THE POLES have a corridor.

The Poles have a lot of very dreadful Jews. There is a theory that these tend to be greasy, but this may on the other hand entirely owe its genesis to some laughter-making pleasantry, or rather pun, dealing with greasy poles.

The Poles fight a great deal, and rather pluckily. They insist very obstreperously upon being independent, which creates a certain amount of ill-feeling as it turns out there is quite a queue for them. They are a Buffer state. This appears to be a predicament and awkward.

All Poles—at least all Aryan Poles—are Counts without exception.

The Poles dance the Mazurka, and, very pardonably, the Polonaise.

All Polish words are spelt with sck occurring everywhere.

The Poles have Paderewski (alive) and (dead) Chopin.

The Poles wear fur boots.

The Latvians and the Esthonians, etc., are not, as might well be supposed, pieces of Russia. (Don't see Russia.)



The Only Way

13

The Germans

THE GERMANS ARE FAT. This is little wonder because they live exclusively on sausages and beer. They eat a great deal of both and you can't go for a walk in Germany without ending up at a small restaurant where one stops to enjoy the view and have a glass of beer. This has always seemed to us personally a good idea but most of the English regard it as Soulless. That this should be considered derogatory is rather surprising as Soul is a dangerous and rather un-English quality, but after all Exercise is Sacred, and should be made as uncomfortable as possible.

Germans vary a good lot. The Saxons and Bavarians are fairly all right. The Saxons are even faintly and distantly connected with the English. The Prussians however are no good at all. Prussian officers push women off the pavements. They are very cruel and very military and very arrogant, in a stupendously untactful way. Some foreign nations consider the English tactless, and if this is so it is rather jolly and unhypocritical of them, but the Germans' untact is rude and offensive and puts people's backs up. And this is because they are not really sure of themselves and bluster and brag and bounce and can't stand a little harmless chaff.

Individual Germans are often charming. Many people can say : "I have a German friend," with quiet confidence, whereas the idea of an individual Frenchman is somehow slightly ridiculous. But as a nation Germany does not do. This is because Germans move in large masses and don't think for themselves, but like to be led by the nose. And they are Invariably Misled. This is one of the most striking things about Germany.

Germans used to venerate the Army and the nobility who were all called von ; they used to wear steel helmets and do the goose-step. Now they venerate the storm-troopers, and wear brown shirts and swastikas, and stick their arms up in a salute.

Germans are very sentimental. Their two great subjects, which correspond to *la patrie* and *la maman* of the French, are *der Vaterland* und *die Liebe*. German girls, the subjects of all this *Liebe*, are often called Gretchen, they are always rather plump, and have fair hair done in two long plaits. They become in time German wives, who are completely subject to their Lords and Masters and think about nothing but cooking. The Germans are pleased because they like women to be like this. And anyway *die Liebe* applies to sweethearts but not altogether to wives.

All German schoolboys commit suicide. German youths become students and fight brutal, courageous and disfiguring duels.

Germans are not clever in an unsound dangerous way, one up to them ! But they often have Great Brains. No one denies them the best musicians, many of the best scientists and some A.I writers. Under these circumstances it is rather complimentary, though childish of them, to assert passionately, as they do, that Shakespeare was a German. There are only two things against these German Brains. One is that they are so thorough and painstaking, and use such long words made up of a variety of smaller ones, and theorise so much about everything, that to those with a keen sense of humour they become quite laughably solemn. The

other is that many of these Great Brains are Jews and that though other nations kindly allow them to Germany, the Germans themselves declare that they don't count.

We have so far got through this article without reference to that somewhat comical trio Hitler, Göring and Goebbels. So many dreary things are known about them all that it is difficult to select the objects of universal knowledge. We shall content ourselves however by mentioning Göring's lion-cub, Goebbels' Jewish grandmother and Hitler's Face.

A nation which could put a face like that at the head of affairs has naturally no sense of humour.



“ What ho—she bumps! ”

The Austrians

THE AUSTRIANS have Glamour. A peculiarly fizzy and romantic and sugary type of Glamour compounded of the Blue Danube, and white uniforms and coffee with whipped cream and the Hapsbourgs.

They either live in Vienna or Wien, where they sit in cafés and drive rather mysteriously round a Ring and go to a very famous hotel called Sacher's ; or they live in the mountains and wear green felt hats with shaving brushes stuck in them and embroidered braces and bare knees. They slap their knees a good bit, especially when performing peasant dances, and they throw their young ladies up to the ceiling and catch them again, or maybe miss them. Anyhow they exhibit a good deal of simple natural gaiety and enthusiasm.

The Austrians who live in Vienna also exhibit gaiety but in a more urban and sophisticated way, and they have an inimitable, slightly inefficient and decadent charm. They are all Barons. They waltz. They have no money and drive taxis.

Austrians are almost better known than any other foreigners,

because of the Musical Comedy and the Films. Information from other sources however is very scanty. All that is known is that there is a great deal less of Austria than there used to be ; and that its situation is Very Difficult.

The English like the Austrians. In a light trivial kind of way the Austrians even have a sense of humour. Although they fought against England in the War it was, even at the time, for some mysterious reason not quite their fault, and is now quite forgotten.

After the War all the Austrian babies starved.





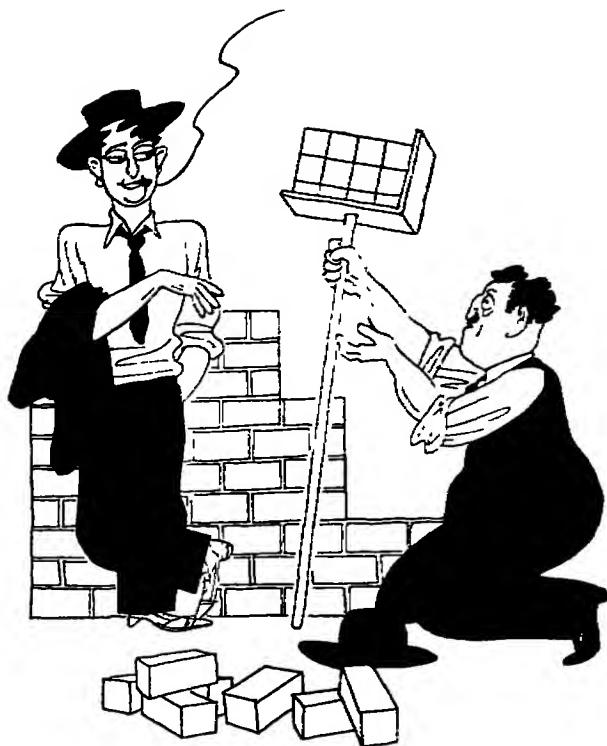
Il bambino bellicoso

The Italians, the Spaniards and the Portuguese

CONSIDERING all things relatively little is known about these peoples. Why this is so we do not exactly know. Italy, Spain and Portugal are after all old, well-established countries, unlike these new mushroom treaty creations. Their geographical shape is familiar. The most untravelled Englishman has vaguely heard of picture galleries, of Florence and Granada, of Italian lakes and Sevillian orange-groves, of the Coliseum and the Alhambra (by moonlight).

Information dealing with the inhabitants of these regions is, however, scanty ; and what makes it more difficult is that facts which used to be looked on as a mere matter of course are now open to the disturbing influence of modern scepticism. Many English people no longer believe, for instance, that all Italians wind barrel-organs, sell ice-cream, and spend all their leisure time “kiss-aing-de-monk” ; nor that all Spaniards continually serenade maidens behind gratings, always carry a rose between the teeth, and madly dance the fandango.

In place of this we know that all Italians are uniformed from the



“ *Mañana* ”

cradle up, that they dose their enemies with castor-oil, that travelling is much better than it used to be because of Mussolini, that one cannot cross the road where one wishes because of Mussolini, that the beggars in Naples have unaccountably vanished (because of M.), that Italians are given money to marry and have babies (M. again), that in short Italy has more or less vanished and been replaced by Mussolini. We know about Spain that it is full of riots and revolutions and when they've had one revolution they have another. In a way it seems a pity that these habits have replaced the ice-cream and the rose between the teeth.

Less recent and more general information about the Italians and the Spaniards can roughly be tabulated as follows. The Italians are gay, light-hearted and emotional, given to tears, laughter and sudden storms of rage. The Spaniards are slow, dignified, sombre and excessively proud. In fact the great thing about Spaniards is their pride. They are also very lazy and continually say "*mañana*" when confronted by any little job of work.

Both races are intensely passionate, and no Italian or Spaniard can be left alone with a young girl for an instant. No Spanish girl sees a man at all until her marriage, except in church. This, perhaps, is only wise as Spanish women are also very passionate and murder their lovers. Marriages are of course arranged, but this is not so wicked as it is in France, because there is something comic opera about these Southern countries and it is only reasonable to expect them to behave in a comic opera way.

Far more is known about Italian food than about Spanish. The Italians eat gnocchi, pasta, quantities of macaroni and spaghetti, garlic and, of course, ice-cream. The Spaniards, as far as can be ascertained, subsist solely on Spanish onions and garlic.

The Italians have Grand Opera, which everyone takes an enormous interest in, and if a wrong note is sung the theatre is

broken up. The Spanish have bull-fights, which are amazingly picturesque and gain a great hold on the imagination, but which are Wrong, because of the poor horses. The poor bull for some reason hardly matters. If the poor matador is killed or seriously injured it is an advantage because it makes the whole thing fairer.

Both races are A wonderful to children, (particularly the Italians), and B brutally cruel to animals, (particularly the Spaniards). B naturally far outweighs A in the English mind, but nevertheless the Spaniards are perhaps a shade better than the Italians, as the latter are so hopelessly volatile.

Both races are very, very dirty.

That is all that is known about the Italians and the Spaniards. Nothing is known about the Portuguese.

The Czechoslovakians

CZECHOSLOVAKIANS LIVE in Czechoslovakia, which perhaps argues a sense of logic.

All that is known about Czechoslovakia is that it used to be something else.

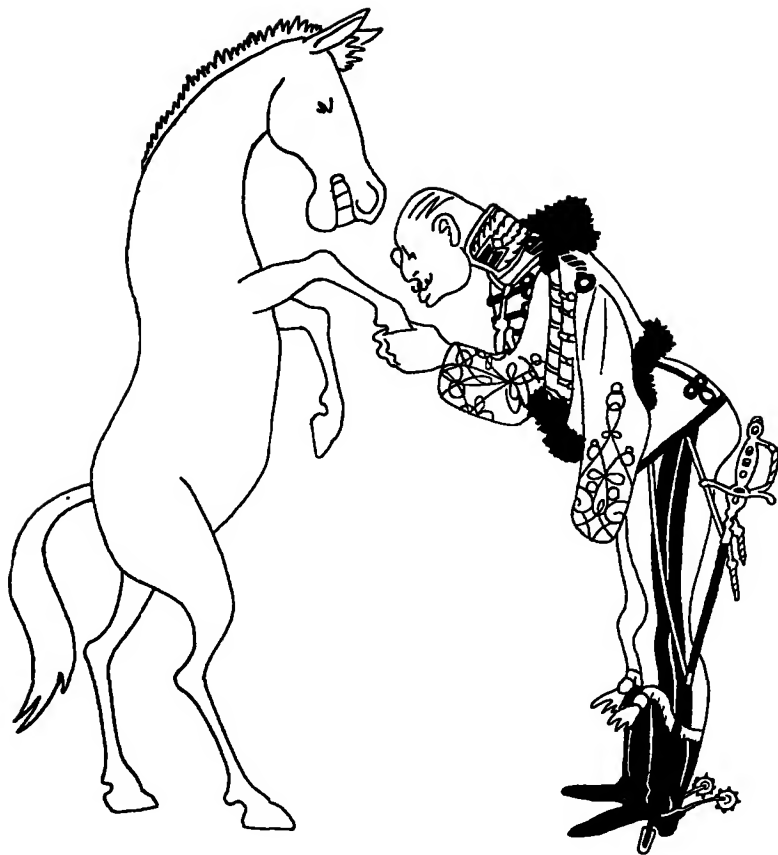


La vie de Bohème

The Bohemians

BOHEMIANS DO NOT live in Bohemia, and of course have no sense of logic. They are often Parisian (rather genuine, in attics) and often English (rather bogus, in Chelsea and Bloomsbury), and they need no further elucidation because properly speaking they do not fall within the scope of this book.

All that is known about Bohemia is that it is now something else.



Knowing a horse when he sees one

The Hungarians

IT IS A MATTER for keen and legitimate pride that anything should be known about Hungary at all. It is hopelessly south and east of Germany and Austria, down where the geography of Europe gets thoroughly hazy ; and none of our great historical figures such as Drake, Guy Fawkes, Marlborough or Wellington ever got mixed up with it that anyone knows of. Nor is it the sort of nation we are accustomed to associating with, being apt to break out in velvet breeches, fur-trimmed cloaks and jewelled sword hilts or in embroidered chemises, scarves over the hair and fifteen petticoats, according to class. In the instance given it is also according to sex, but that is less important.

Nevertheless, we have heard of Hungary, and what is more we have acquired sufficient knowledge to form a positive opinion. We like Hungary. The English like the Hungarians.

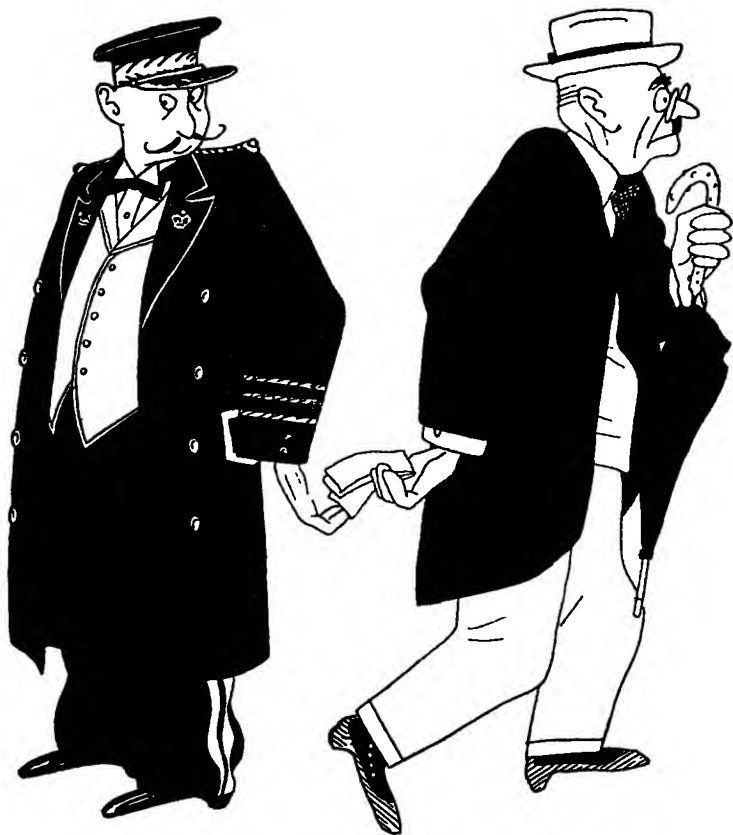
What is so superlatively all right about the typical Hungarian is that he knows a horse when he sees one. Hungarians can ride, and they breed beautiful stud horses, and they love horses which is of course so much more important than loving one's neighbours.

Indeed few can compete with the Hungarians for unloving their neighbours. Unless it were the Hungarians' neighbours, but this we cannot be sure of, because nothing whatever is known about them except that as we are on the side of the Hungarians it looks as though they were wrong.

The Hungarians are good looking. They have sex appeal. They have beautiful manners. They are gay. They are wild. Underneath great and delightful polish they are barbarians. They are heartbroken about their country. They know propaganda. They are sportsmen. They live on Imperial Tokay, and paprika or sweet pepper. They like the English. They dance waltzes and rather passionate national whirligigs. They are wronged. They have gypsies and gypsy music, both very wild. They have bala-laikas. Or else they haven't.

Budapest is the capital of Hungary. It is gay. English enjoy themselves in Budapest. In the rest of Hungary there are huge estates belonging to wronged aristocrats, and any amount of picturesque peasants. And how they do peasant work.





Steeping of a Rumanian official

The Balkans

SOUTH AND EAST of Austria and Czechoslovakia and Hungary, and down to the end of Europe, you come upon a welter of Fancy Dress Nations. These are principally called Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Rumania, Albania and Greece, of which more separate and distinctive knowledge is available concerning Greece. Occupying the same territory as these five powers, or at any rate as the first four named of them, are an untold number of overlapping countries belonging to one or more or all of the main Fancy Dress Nations, or possibly each other. They are indistinguishable, unimportant and a terrific forcing ground for the most explosive kind of trouble. These countries have lovely names like Transylvania and Montenegro and Bosnia and Macedonia and Dalmatia and Croatia and Serbia and Slovenia and Herzegovina and Moldavia and Rumelia and Bessarabia. The whole schemozzle is called the Balkans, and, naturally enough under the intermingled circumstances, at almost any given moment it is a Problem.

Some of the Balkans are part of a Little Entente.

A curious feature of these so-called Balkans is that instead of making the best of a bad job, bowing to the inevitable, and hearkening to common sense, by being rather *laissez-aller* about nationality, all the Fancy Dress People have national self-consciousness developed to a dumbfounding degree. This is an injudicious provision of Nature.

Common to all the Fancy Dress Nations are a great variety of picturesque national costumes, folk lore, folk music, folk everything, trouble, a sprinkling of terrorists, masses of extremely sterling peasants, and either the balalaika or the contrary.

Here is called for a word in season upon the subject of peasants, who really reach their apotheosis in the difficult conglomeration constituting the Balkans. That is, if you except Greece, where there is so much dishonesty and smiling, oily good looks that the lower classes are not so much peasants as dagoes, like other Greeks, and therefore no good. Actual peasants are *ipso facto* excellent. They are thrifty, hospitable, cheerful, simple, picturesque, quaint, hard-working, honest, brave, patient, artistic, musical, philosophic and pure. The result of all this is a great number of painted wooden objects and bright-coloured embroidery. And as all peasants are nearly equally admirable, no nation is ever judged by its peasants no matter how much they preponderate.

Rumania is very corrupt. All officials from the highest to the lowest are steeped in graft. The officers of the army paint their faces.

Yugoslavia is turbulent. It has assassinations which tend to start wars.

The Bulgarians have the best peasants and these have a kind of sour milk causing them to live to one hundred. The Bulgarians have roses and attar of them and liberation from the Turks and a very splendid king who can drive railway trains.

The Albanians' king is named Zog which is a score for them.

They are part of the gold bloc which seems unexpected and pushing.

Greece is all over several islands where burning Sappho loved and sang. Athens, the capital, was once all the go in civilisation. The ancient Greeks had Beauty and also wisdom and truth and war, but Beauty especially. They had heroes, legends, mythology, sculptors, philosophers, oracles and Homer. They also had the Parthenon, which has got left over so that Modern Greeks have the Parthenon too. They have not got the Coliseum and probably not the Alhambra. Modern Greeks are good looking and immoral and lie and cheat. The men wear white petticoats and black curls. All that they say is Greek to you, and this is rather a comfort because it is less discouraging than countries like France and Germany where you start so hopeful. The Greeks live on honey and rose leaf jam and of course garlic. The Greeks are THE pre-eminent dagoes. Keats had a Grecian Urn.



A Turkish bath

Turkey in and out of Europe

TURKEY FINISHES off Europe and runs into Asia which seems rather a nice inter-continental gesture. Turkey used to be the Ottoman Empire, and all over everywhere in South-East Europe. Turkey is Mohammedan and once used to furnish an object to crusaders. Until very recently massacre has been the great international sport, with mutilation, rapine and great cruelty, but no one much minded unless they were very close to, and it is frequently said that the Turk is a gentleman. Turkey is now rather limited and suppressed. It is all oriental with minarets and domes and used to be very picturesque, but Mustapha Kemal (the Boss) has done away with the fez, the yashmak, and even the old school tie, substituting the bowler hat for almost everything. The harems have sadly disintegrated. Mustapha Kemal has decided that all Turks should have surnames, which is rather embarrassing the children for the sins of the fathers. He is very nationalistic and dynamic, and has chosen for his own surname that of At-a-Turk. Though an urge to passionate, nationalistic patriotism has caused the Turks to discard almost all

distinguishing Turkish features in favour of western substitutes, Turkish Cigarettes, Delight, Carpets, and Baths are still obtainable.

*The Armenians***T_{HE}****Armenians****are****always****massacred.**



“ Jerusalem, my happy home ”

The Asiatics in General

ONE OF THE PROMINENT THINGS about Asia is that it is East, and about this peculiarity we have a neat saying taken from the works of our great national poet, Mr. Kipling.

*“ Oh East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet.”*

This is an undisputed fact. In view of it, it is rather hard cheese that Asia (in common with Africa) should be The White Man's Burden, so that it is the duty of the Englishman to go and grapple with the East in shoals.

There is an allegorical meaning to the expression White Man embodied in Mr. Ernest Lotinga's congratulatory remark to a brave and generous friend in need, “ You're a White Man, Sir—except your neck.” Of course Europeans are white (even, at any rate approximately, dagoes) in contrast to Asiatics who are coffee coloured or yellow. But the White Man, *in excelsis*, physically and spiritually, is the Englishman. It is therefore a

little ridiculous of the French, the Dutch, the Germans, the Belgians, the Portuguese, and the very Italians to go East and South and meddle with the White Man's Burden. It is least ridiculous of the Dutch, who, though laughable in a jolly way, are not a ridiculous nation. As there are some places in Asia called Dutch East Indies it seems only reasonable for some Dutch to be there, but one should remember (if one has ever known) that there are places called French Indo-China, French West Africa and even French Guinea, which all sound, to put it as mildly as possible, unconvincing. The thought of Portuguese West Africa is absurd.

It is a little confusing that Africa has got into this article, but it is very easy to remember that while Africans are black it is only the ignorant who suppose Asiatics to be black at all. A slight difficulty will arise however later when we come to deal with Sheiks.

Asia, or the East, is old. More, it is immemorial. It is the cradle of civilisation and the source of all wisdom. It is subtle. It is full of dishonest, childish, treacherous people, who are unfit to govern themselves. It is gorgeous. It is dirty. In bits, it is holy. It is cruel. It is an enigma. The Englishman can understand the East better than anyone else can, infinitely better than, say, an American or a German. But even he cannot really understand it, and it is his great strength that he realises this. Asiatics have thus one thing in common with the Irish.

Part of Asia is part of the British Empire. This gives the parts in question a certain cachet without increasing our knowledge of or even our regard for them.

Asia is large and obscure and uncertain. There are bits of it such as Baluchistan and Syria that nothing whatever is known of, and bits of it such as Bhutan and Amur Province that should not even be mentioned here as nobody has ever heard of them.

It turns out that a lot of Russia is in Asia, including Siberia. Turn to the European section and see Russians. Or, for a similar imbroglio, the Turks.

The Indians

INDIA IS THE BRIGHTEST JEWEL in our crown.

India is a Problem.

India is an Empire and belongs to England. It is V shaped and large and mixed. Indians are of very different kinds and they are coloured but they are not niggers. India is hot except in the hills where officers' wives are sent in the hot season and get into dilemmas. The native rulers are called Rajahs and Ranees and Maha ditto dittoes. There is an odd system in India called caste, which forbids people to touch each other no matter what sex they are, and often causes them to observe "Unclean, unclean." There are elephants in India which are sometimes white and sacred, and more often grey and sagacious. In either event, they never forget. There are also tigers and cobras and jackals and scorpions. There is the Taj Mahal (by moonlight) which only the very ignorant confuse with the Aga Khan.

The population is divided into Anglo-Indians and Indians. The Anglo-Indians are pukka sahibs and Colonels and Tommies, and lean, brown, silent individuals with wrinkles round piercing

grey eyes and jobs in the police, and sportsmen, and dashing ladies with one idea between them. They have a quaint language of their own. They look forward to coming "home" (to England) and feel lost when they do. They play polo. They live on curry, stingahs and chota pegs and call their meals tiffin. When they smile at their loyal, long-established native servant's child, it dies, and the father thinks they ill-wished it and kills them.

Indians wear loin cloths and turbans and live on rice. They are Mohammedans and Hindoos and Brahmins and that sort of thing. Some are rulers and proud and magnificent. Some are civil servants and fat and spectacled and treacherous. These are often Babus, not to be confused with Baboons, and write flowery letters which are full of metaphor and generally quoted in *Punch*. Some are agriculturists and simple and exploited. Some have beards and begging bowls and are holy. Indians are mostly subtle, revengeful and slippery. There is a lot of wisdom and some mysticism in India. The Indians hate the English and murder them but this is all a mistake on their part. The English love the Indians, and those Indians who support them are loyal, valiant to heroic, and absolutely right. It is also right for the English to sacrifice themselves for the Indians because the English people are of course strong, and coloured people are automatically born oppressed, except the Japanese. Even murderers.

The Indians have Gandhi. And, to use an occidentalism, how.



Indifference to death

The Chinese

THE CHINESE are sages of the highest wisdom and philosophy. They are Mandarins of very ancient family, who nod. They are coolies who wear blue cotton and large round hats with shallow crowns that rise to points, and who work very hard for almost nothing. They are brigands and bandits and pirates. They are cultivators of rice, who also work very hard for almost nothing. They are, very noticeably, washermen.

The Chinese are unspeakably cruel and show incredible ingenuity over tortures. They are benign people, who show great love and kindness for children. They have strangely twisted and subtle minds. They are honest. They have a lot of art such as jade and ivory and bronze, and, quite expectedly, porcelain or china. They are patient. They worship a very good and ancient sage called Confucius, and possibly sometimes Buddha, equally excellent but different, and really well-connected Pekineses.

China is extremely large and very over-populated. The Chinese pullulate. They are always being destroyed in large quantities by flood, famine, war and pestilence, but it makes no difference.

The Chinese do not mind death, they are very patient and philosophic about it and take it as all in the day's misfortunes if it befalls them personally, or anybody else. They are very indifferent about privation and suffering, but particularly about death, and what a comfort this is, as oh! how it comes to them, and how they increase on it.

The Chinese are rather small with high cheek bones and slanting eyes and black pigtailed and yellow faces. They are indistinguishable from one another. All Europeans look alike to the Chinese.

The Chinese have an odd theory that White Men smell.

The Chinese call foreigners Foreign Devils. They pronounce their r's as l's and y's as ee, and generally add ee at the end of words in any case. "Wang Ho likee plettee Misseee vellee plentee muchee" is a typical Chinese observation. Ah Sin is another typical Chinese name.

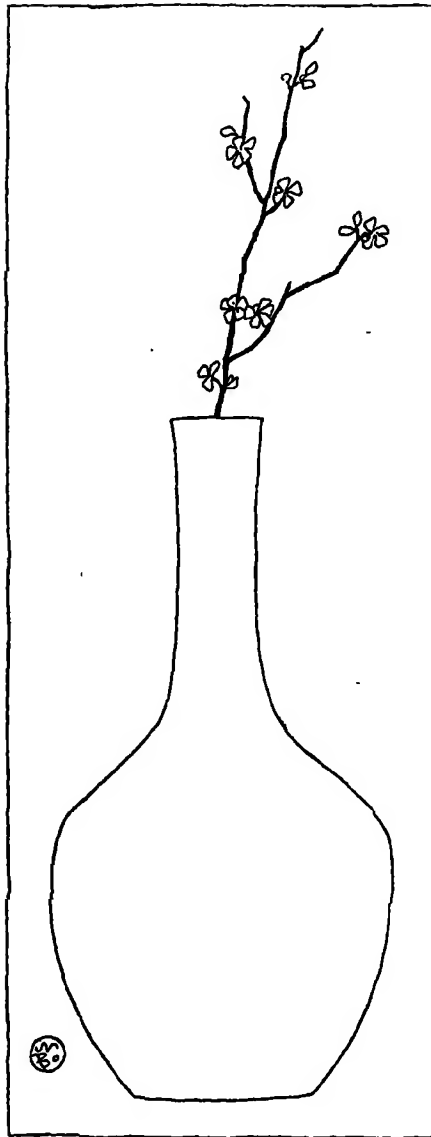
The Chinese eat shark's fins and birds' nest soup and noodles and chop suey and Chow Dogs and eggs that are hundreds of years old. As if all this were not difficult enough, they eat it all with chopsticks.

New York and London have a section each called China Town. London's one is very much cleaned up. The Chinese in China Towns gamble tremendously at all sorts of curious games, and smoke and sell opium. Low class white girls often marry them and they make very good husbands. The Chinese in China smoke opium too. It is China's great export and manufacture. They also have silkworms.

The Chinese are very brave, and are a Yellow Peril, but they are a good deal bothered with the Japanese who are infinitely more bothersome and up to date and perilous.

The Chinese are very polite. A typical observation of a proud rich, highborn Chinaman with a beautiful house, a lovely wife,

and many servants is, “ Deign to demean yourself by entering Wo Chan’s miserable hovel, partaking of his squalid viands and looking upon his disgustingly hideous wife.” If you admire anything, he says it’s yours, but it isn’t. When he meets you he shakes hands with himself.



Japanese Art. Isolation period

The Japanese

THE JAPANESE are small and dainty, with tiny hands and feet and yellow faces with slanting eyes. The women are often lovely in a baby-doll-and-peach-blossom manner. They flutter fans and wear bright coloured Kimonos and they do not take their hair down for weeks on end. At least this used to be so, but the Japanese are great copy-cats and assimilate Western ideas rapidly, and there are disquieting rumours of a great inrush of bowler hats and stays and goloshes and windswept shingles and tweed-suitings *pour le sport*.

This copying and assimilative faculty is the most conspicuous thing about the Japanese. They can invent nothing, but once let them see a machine or commodity of any kind and they instantly make it. This characteristic, combined with sweated labour, over-production, under-selling and push, constitutes a Menace.

The Japanese are very clever in a quick, shoddy way. They are polite but pushing. They are well organised and have a marked tendency to overflow. They are belligerent. They have art, which is rather refined, like high-class window dressing, and tends to be

one spray of blossom alone in a capacious vase. They have Fujiyama. They live in paper houses and are constantly wiped out by earthquakes. They multiply exceedingly and wouldn't mind replenishing anybody's territory. Their existence causes consternation in America.

The Japanese have cherry blossom. They have a navy.





Not good mixers

Other Asiatics

ARABIANS ARE well-known because they are Sheiks, young, bronzed, hawk-faced, majestic, athletic, piercing-eyed, in flowing white drapery. On the other hand, are Sheiks only Arabians? Because surely they are all over North Africa, tripping you up in the desert of Sahara? Do they just overflow, or are they also Moors, who grow in Morocco which is undoubtedly African, who are also bronzed and majestic and overflowed into Spain at one time? Arabians are also mixed up with Persians, because Bagdad is the capital of Persia and always got into the Arabian Nights. Arabians have camels; also Arab horses, exquisite, beloved and faithful, and Persians have cats and carpets. Also oil. Somewhere between Arabia and Persia is Iraq, but no one can explain it. Somewhere between China and Japan and Russia is Manchukuo, but no one can explain that either, and it obviously cannot be congratulated on its geographical situation. Manchukuo has an Oil Problem. Siam is another place with cats. It also has twins joined together and its king has abdicated from pique because his subjects limited his unrestricted powers to have them executed.

Near Siam and India is Burma which is another bit of the British Empire and has Mandalay, and South and East are the East Indies which are British and Dutch and seem all right. At the bottom of India is Ceylon where only man is vile. Between India and Persia is wedged Afghanistan full of rather fierce wild chiefs with curved swords and daggers. It probably has Thibet somewhere in the offing. The Holy Land or Palestine is right over West again, just north of Arabia. Everything in the Bible happened there, except Egypt. It has Jerusalem. North of it is Damascus, which has swords and roses, but nobody knows what has Damascus. *Le jeune et brave* Dunois started for *la Syrie*, but nobody knows if he got there. A lot of ancient tribes and wars and history came out of Asia. A lot of Asia is tropics.





The proverbial rudeness of the Hottentot

The Africans

THE AFRICANS are black, except for Moors and Egyptians who are more bronzed, and for Boers. Other Africans are various kinds of negroes. Negroes are also American being imported from Africa. (For American negroes see Negroes.)

Moors may be SHeiks (see Arabians in the article Other Asiatics) and had a certain amount of art, and history, and influence in Spain, and Morocco leather. On the other hand they may after all be Blackamoors. They seem to have camels.

Egyptians have the Nile and the Sphinx and the Pyramids and a lot of ancient art and civilisation and remains and excavations. They had Cleopatra, which is quite unforgettable and impressed even Shakespeare. They had Ptolemies and Rameses and Tutan-khamen and Pharaoh and a lot of odd Gods with animal heads, and sacred cats and birds and hieroglyphics and papyruses and sculpture and painting and lipsticks and imitation jewels and almost everything anyone has had since, and wisdom. On the other hand, what have they now? They still have the Nile, the Sphinx and the Pyramids and a lot of ancient art and excavations,

but it looks as though they were just a bunch of has beens. They are or have Fellaheens. This is a Problem.

The Boers are in South Africa and something to do with the Dutch but far from jolly. They are tough and honest and all right but quite phenomenally disagreeable. They trek.

Besides White Men shouldering the White Man's Burden (very sterling) there are a lot of white men who are not much good in Africa. Gold speculators and white slavers and unsatisfactory younger sons and wastrels and vice racketeers and drunks. Port Said is the wickedest town in the world, all lit up with red lights of an evening, and Johannesburg (often called Jo'burg by the knowing) is sadly mixed. The white police corps and most of the planters are wonderful. There is also the Foreign Legion (see France).

The Black Africans are in many ways rather laughing and childish. In others they are weird and dreadful, having witch doctors and black magic or ju-ju or mumbo jumbo. They have spirits and devils everywhere. They used to be cannibals and still occasionally have human sacrifices. They are often exploited and work hard for cruel overseers, but this happens more often to American negroes. Zulus had the Zulu War and wore feathers and oblong shields and poisoned arrows and were killed. Hottentots are rude. Africans buy their wives and have several. They like beads and blankets and toys and mirrors. They have obscene dances and rhythmic, monotonous music. From them is derived jazz, and, naturally, the black bottom.

There are very dreadful diseases in Africa, and tropical flowers and fruit and forests and parrots and lions and either crocodiles or alligators and fierce elephants with large ears and beautiful tusks, who are not known to be sacred or sagacious and probably forget everything. There is gold and jewels. In the deserts there are oases and mirages, both equally notable. Africa is not an

enigma like the East and the English understand the Africans perfectly, devil worship and everything. But Africa is so large and trackless that it is a bit mysterious. Africa hasn't got art or history or civilisation. At least where there is any of either, we brought it. Where the climate isn't perfect it gets you down. A lot of Africa is no place for women. Africans have no sense of humour. Africa is sometimes called darkest.



“ Let’s go Native ! ”

South Sea Islanders

IN THE MIDDLE of the Pacific Ocean are the South Sea Islands, Hawaii, Honolulu, and all that sort of thing. Here live beautiful, laughing children of nature, with dusky brown skins and lustrous black hair and eyes. Like the negroes they are child-like, but, though readily moved to laughter, unlike the Negroes and the Irish, they are not readily moved to tears, They love a great deal in a simple, beautiful, natural, pagan way, and serenade each other on ukuleles. They live in surroundings of paradisal beauty and they have no sense of sin.

White people have done nothing but harm to the South Sea Islanders, bringing money and drink and sense of sin and film companies and all the corruptions of civilisation. Many white people go native there, but this oddly enough is worse than civilisation. Though certain admirable natives, such as Maoris, South Sea Islanders and Red Indians, should not be tampered with, no natives ought to be imitated, especially if they have no sense of sin and hardly any clothing.

South Sea Islanders have hibiscus flowers behind the ears.



“How’s tricks?”

The Americans

AMERICA HAS THE NEW DEAL. President Roosevelt invented it, but neither he nor anyone else knows what it is. America has a thing called Tammany, and graft.

When an Englishman speaks of an American he means an East Coast American, if not a New Yorker. When an Englishman speaks of America, in eight cases out of ten he means New York, with a vague background of Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and Long Island. It is, however, very well known that New York is not America. In two cases out of ten when an Englishman speaks of America he means Hollywood, with a vague background of California and Florida and Miami. But of course no one thinks for a moment that Hollywood is America. It is known, if you really get down to it, that what is really America is the Middle West, but nobody in England cares.

If you ask an Englishman whether America is kind of large, he will of course say yes. And if you press the point, you will even find that he knows, as it were on paper, that it is many times larger than Germany and really less compact. And apart from the

American impure and simple, he knows certain things about various cliques of other Americans who undoubtedly exist though they are not so salient as the American. Before dealing with the very clear-cut figure of the American it will be well to take a rapid survey of the established facts concerning these various other Americans.

Southerners are tremendously gentry and therefore rather decayed, and they have charming soft drawls. They are thin, elderly colonels and dazzlingly lovely daughters. They live on fried chicken and mint juleps. They are served by laughing child-like negroes who though now deprived of the pleasure of being slaves are just one big happy family. They are unspeakably cruel and always lynch negroes. They have the Chain gang, which compares for bestial inhumanity only with Devil's Island and Siberia (see France and Russia). They think the Northerners are scum. They have plantations.

The Middle West consists of vast plains of corn all exactly alike, and potty little provincial towns, ditto, ditto, where people gossip and backbite. They know very little about the East of America, they have never heard of Europe, and they are not aware that there was the Great War. They have Chicago.

The Wild West is full of cow-boys and ranchers and rough diamonds. They punch cows. They sit horses that buck jump. They lasso everything, and can shoot a bull's eye until the target is out of sight. They wear fringed trousers and large hats and a lot of guns, and are Nature's Gentlemen. They dance in high heels and spurs.

American negroes (see Negroes).

American Indian (see Red Indians).

The inhabitants of Hollywood are Stars, Jewish managers, producers, directors, etc., authors who are overworked, driven, insulted and derided, and beautiful girls out of a job. Hollywood

is full of beautiful, ravishing girls who are starving as waitresses and stenographers. You cannot get a job unless you sleep with a producer, and even then you may only get a disturbed night. The stars are immensely rich and have vast marble bath-rooms. The film companies are broke and pay no wages. Less is known about wild parties than used to be. Everybody gets divorced and married dozens of times. Purity is in all their contracts, and there is a scandal if two people lunch twice together.

Then there are Collegians. American colleges are very immoral, all co-education and sex. American colleges have yells. They have cheer leaders. They play football very roughly and are frequently killed. The national game is baseball, which is really rounders, but Americans are offended if you tell them so.

There are also in America, Puritans, Hot Gospellers and Gangsters, particularly Gangsters. These are tough and of illiterate speech, they trade in drugs, they muscle in on rackets and they shoot to kill. They destroy each other with machine guns, and then send each other flowers. Their sweethearts are called Molls. They live in Chicago.

And now at last we come to the American.

The Americans live on clams, popcorn, pie (particularly pumpkin), corn in the cob, chewing gum, and (in Boston) beans.

The Americans—and this is really the most outstanding feature—the Americans brag and bluster and boast. They rub in all the time that you're played out and that they get things done better and on an outside scale in half the time. You must be prepared for that boasting.

The Americans wear horn-rimmed spectacles and smoke cigars, and whenever they're introduced to a man they thrust a cigar on him as they say, "How do you do?" They have gold teeth and dyspepsia.

American men belong to childish masonic orders called Elks

and Buffaloes, and American women belong to culture clubs.

Americans drink too much.

Such Americans as you tip expect to be tipped colossally the whole time whether they have done anything or not. If you try to be reasonable about it they insult you.

The Americans are very shrewd and can always get the better of us simple, child-like English in any kind of deal.

The Americans live in deep snow and they shut railways carriage windows.

The Americans have one great redeeming point, they are hospitable.

All American husbands are hen-pecked. They just pay the bills while their wives do all the talking, and insist on whatever they want and run the whole show.

The Americans are rude. They talk you down, and shout at you, and contradict you, and speak to you without being introduced, and slap you on the back, and jostle you off the sidewalk, and call strangers brother and sister and baby and kid, and push you madly on the streets and on public conveyances, and won't give a civil answer if you ask the time or the way.

The Americans are so frightfully hypocritical. They talk about ideals and they are so practical. You wouldn't mind so much if they weren't so false and high falutin' about it.

The Americans talk about pep and hustle, and do things in double the time.

The Americans have no sense of humour.





Never trust 'em

South Americans

SOUTH AMERICA is quite as large as North America, but real Americans don't live there, so it doesn't quite count. South Americans are all dagoes with a lot of mixed Spanish blood and that sort of thing. It has Ecuador, Brazil and Chile, possibly Peru, Argentina, Patagonia, Paraguay, Uruguay and all sorts of Guianas, etc. It is interesting to have located where the Argentines come from, the whereabouts of the Portuguese and the Greeks, if not the Armenians, being better known. The whole of South America is rather rich and luscious and involved and seething. It has Buenos Aires and Rio and trackless jungles and the Amazon and Montevideo and Valparaiso. A lot of it is steaming, luxuriant tropics. South Americans dance divinely, especially the tango. No one would dream of trusting a South American.



Big Chief

The Red Indians

RED INDIANS live in America. Red Indians have dignity. They are immensely patient. They have keen hawk-like faces and wear long black hair. They should command immense respect. They are inordinately cruel. They have wampum, and smoke pipes of peace, and bury hatchets. They live in wigwams, marry squaws and engender papooses. It is not known for certain as it once was whether they call white people pale-faces and strong drink fire-water. They wear feathers and moccasins, they are splendid hunters, they can endure any hardship, they carry tomahawks, they do beadwork and they scalp each other. It is a blot on civilisation that as a result of it Red Indians are dying out.



Nigger Heaven

The Negroes

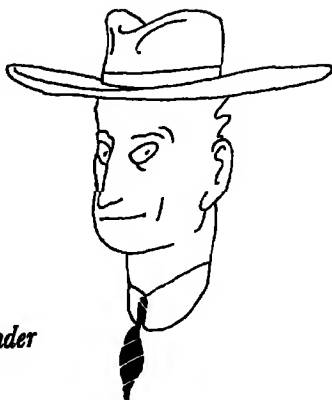
NEGROES live in America (see The Africans). Negroes call themselves niggers, but if you call them so you are a cad.

Negroes have wide smiles and very white teeth and charming voices. Americans hate them uncontrollably, and if one looks at a white girl he is condemned to the electric chair, and hanged and burned to death before he gets there. Americans like to be cooked for, waited on, dressed, tended and personally cared for entirely by negroes. The English have nothing against the negroes, and indeed feel very kindly and encouraging towards them, probably due to classing them with animals.

The negroes are child-like. They are readily moved to tears and laughter, but must not on that account be confused with the Irish. They are wonderfully musical and have tremendous sense of rhythm ; at singing, dancing and dance music they are unsurpassed and these things and religion carry them away entirely. They call their babies piccaninnies and their masters Massa. They pick cotton a good deal. They have delightfully simple, happy natures, and slash each other with razors.



The Australian
(*Bad Luck*)



The New Zealander
(*Worse Luck*)



The Canadian
(*Worse still*)

The Australians, Canadians and New Zealanders

AUSTRALIA, Canada and New Zealand are Dominions. They are Tough. Australia has kangaroos, sheep and rabbits. Canada has Niagara. New Zealand has a perfect climate and very good-looking, noble natives called Maoris, who are also perfect if there are any left. Australians, Canadians and New Zealanders speak of England as home and want to go there, but hate it if they do. Australians have Cockney accents and cheat at cricket. Australians, Canadians and New Zealanders are all good fighters, and tall and thin, and in a rough way rather good-looking. It is just possible that they are not wholly devoid of sense of humour. Either Australia or New Zealand has boomerangs. Canadians have not got American accents, but you can't tell this by hearing them. These three Dominions wear funny hats.



Cringing practice

The Jews

JEW^S ARE an inscrutable and disheartening people who celebrate Sunday on Saturday.

Oriental Jews wear beards and occidental Jews wear diamonds.

The Jews are sinister. It is well known that any catastrophe arising in any Christian country is the work of the Jews. They are behind everything, pulling strings. They plot. They plot from generation to generation with single-hearted devotion, no one knows why. They do incalculable harm, but, on the other hand, they are necessary and no country is any good without them.

Every country has the Jews it deserves. England has the best Jews. But although ours are all right we are broad-minded and can sympathise with other countries such as Poland, whose Jews are not so hot and thus constitute a Problem.

Although Jews are responsible for everything that goes wrong in any Christian country, the worst thing a Christian country can do is to persecute Jews. This is curious because persecuting other Christians, if not exactly all right, can in most cases be readily overlooked. Massacring Armenians is not so bad as persecuting

Jews ; the former practice is adequately rebuked by a chill frown, but the latter calls for loud and repeated protest, mass meetings and abusive campaigns in the Press. Christian races must learn that, with all the world to persecute, other Christian races just won't stand for their picking on the Jews.

Jews are very clever, very musical and very artistic. Music and the other arts would not be much heard of without them, and what would be rather more serious, the theatre would not be able to get on at all. Jews do not partake of the edible products of the pig, and subsist mainly upon a mysterious substance known as kosher.

Jews are extremely proud of being Jews and in their hearts look down on Christians with great contempt. On the other hand it is very rude and tactless if you allow a Jew to see that you believe him to be a Jew. Jews cringe to an extent that is almost indecent. Jews have great dignity.

The word " gabardine " is well known in connection with Jews, but this garment does not seem to figure prominently in social intercourse with them, and it has not yet been ascertained where and when it is actually worn. Everyone knows, however, that Jews wear their hats in church.

Any tremendously long, dull novel about Jews is bound to succeed.

Jews work very hard, and they all make money. They are a very dominant type (a) physically (obvious) and (b) economically (subterranean).

Jews keep pawnshops. They lend money at exorbitant rates of usury, adopting for the purpose Scottish names. No one expects nowadays to come upon funny business with pounds of flesh ; this would be as out of date and fanciful as to believe that the retaliatory customs still obtain of spitting upon Jews or drawing out their teeth. Jews however are undoubtedly very cunning and

get the better of Christians with discreditable and ruthless dexterity. These gains they spend on being immensely generous to other poorer Jews.

Jews thrive upon persecution. This may throw light on why it is iniquitous for Christians to persecute Jews.



The American Idea

*What the Americans know
about the English*

YOU CANNOT GET an edible meal through the length and breadth of Britain. The English live on beef and boiled cabbages and boiled potatoes—always boiled—and of course tea, which they drink pretty well all day long.

The English—and this is really the most outstanding feature—the English give themselves the most awful airs. You meet an Englishman and he thinks he's better than everybody else and you ought to know it. You just must be prepared for those awful airs.

The English wear monocles and spats and tall hats and striped pants. They develop gout in middle age.

The English are good diplomats. A downright, upright, forthright American may be a magnificently shrewd and capable man in his own country, but put him down among the striped pants and the monocles in front of a duchess with a cup of tea in his fist and he's absolutely done for. He can't cope with snakes.

The English live in a thick fog and they open railway carriage windows.

The English are proud of muddling through and they shouldn't be because they would manage a great deal better if they didn't.

The English—and it seems kind of mean of them to be both—make domineering and unfaithful husbands.

The English are rude. They walk through doors in front of you, and turn their backs on you, and read newspapers when they should be attending to you, and never introduce you to anyone, and ask you to tea on Thursday week when they owe you several immediate dinners, and sit in silence not making the faintest effort to speak to you or take any notice of you at all.

The English are frightfully hypocritical. They talk about ideals and they are so practical. You hardly comment any more, or blame them, you just take it for granted that inevitably as night follows morning, it is the nature of the English to be out for the main chance. You wouldn't mind so much if they weren't so false and high falutin' about it.

The English have no sense of humour.





The Continental Idea

What the Continent knows about the English

THE ENGLISH are hypocritical. The English are mad.

These facts are so well known and bulk so big that they need a little further elaboration. It is hard to say if one is of greater importance or more strongly known than the other ; I have put the hypocrisy of the English first for no greater reason than that it is a less ancient piece of knowledge than the other and is, if anything, still on the up-grade and gaining in vitality. The madness of the English may be a little on the decline. That is to say, the better informed people are sometimes on the verge of deposing it from knowledge to exaggeration or even rather justifiable superstition. But it is not really outworn. Whenever it seems to totter, whoops ! the conduct of any English actually under observation boosts it back again. It is even more widely known than their hypocrisy. Remote, ignorant, simple people might be found who had heard of the English and did not know that they were hypocrites. But nowhere on the continent have the English been heard of divorced from the adjective “ mad.”

The madness of the English is often tolerated very kindly. Sometimes there is something almost endearing about it, because it is so well-known and expected and infallible and raises a laugh. For their hypocrisy there is nothing to be said. For they are not tactful with it, oh dear, no. They are supremely tactless, rather boorish in their manners, unable to see the points of view of others, and never desirous of veiling their superiority complex for a moment. But hypocritical they remain.

The English have a superiority complex. Where people of other nations think : "My country, right or wrong !" the English not only think that their country must automatically be right, but that other countries must also really think so. An Englishman believes his national characteristics to be the wistful envy of all foreigners, and the words, "Why, you might almost be an Englishman !" constitute at once the most hearty and the most delicate compliment he can pay.

Englishmen never learn foreign languages. They confidently expect to be understood anywhere in the world by speaking slightly broken English slowly and very loud. Arriving at Sarajevo, Omsk or Addis Ababa they may be heard asking the native porters in Oxford accents "where is the nearest golf course ?"

A terrific thing about the English is their love of sport. It is the chief thing in the lives of all the men and most of the women. They worship horses and hounds, guns and fishing rods. They die on horseback. The English are never wholly happy unless killing animals.

The English are kind to animals. The tender way they love animals is even more terrific than their love of sport. If you asked an Englishman in what order he would save the lives of his dog, his wife and his child he would probably after some hesitation put the dog last, but this would be entirely against his instincts and feelings. The English give largely to destitute blind

men with dogs because it would be awful if the poor dog went short. At bull fights they are sick.

The English are very cruel. They do not care about their children at all.

The English are terrifically inhibited and rather puritanical.

The English are vicious. With their usual hypocrisy they try to shove the responsibility for various pre-eminently English things back again across the channel. They call *filer à l'anglaise* "French leave." And that's not all. The *cor anglais* and the French horn do not however, fall into this category as they are not the same thing.

Englishmen are awkward in their manners and they prefer each other to women. English women—and it does seem kind of unnecessary of them—are both cold and immoral. They don't enjoy it, and they presumably do it either from curiosity or from love of the sport.

You cannot find a badly dressed Englishman or a well dressed Englishwoman. Englishmen wear tweeds or (but never and) top hats. They dress for dinner. They are big and heavy with enormous feet and raw-beef faces and they sleep with their pipes in their mouths. The English have red hair. Englishwomen are tall and gaunt and bony, with long thin feet and long thin noses, terrific buck teeth and no chests. Englishwomen are beautiful.

You cannot get a decent meal anywhere in England. The English live on roast beef, very raw, and boiled vegetables and tea and pudding. They drink great quantities of strong spirits. The mind fares no better than the body, as there is a complete absence of intellectual pursuits and culture. Possibly owing to these two sets of circumstances, the English are melancholy. It should be noted that in spite of their truly nightmare food the English eat very largely. They are extravagant and wasteful.

The English are both without temperament and without sense of logic.

The English have a passion for fresh air. Fresh air in England is inseparable from rain, snow or fog, and these therefore stream into their houses alternatively and successively but not conglomerated. There are no cafés or restaurants where you can eat out of doors.

The English are very behind-hand with everything, as what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them.

The English—crowning tragedy and sole justification—have no sense of humour.





The English Idea-1

*What the English know
about themselves*

THE ENGLISH know a good bit about themselves. They are not analytical, but certain facts cannot help obtruding themselves on anyone's notice. They do not think that they are specially fine or noble or splendid in any way, they've got a great many faults, they're the first to admit it, but it does just happen they are much the best nation. One can't help seeing it sticks out a mile. And the funny thing is that really the foreigners see it too, though sometimes, and it's quite natural, they pretend not to. But one does realise that this deep-seated unshakeable conviction that the English hold is absolutely unescapable. Knowledge, and that after all is the whole point of this book, is knowledge.

The English know that they are not particularly clever. Not that they don't often have great brains, and creative ability, and real organising power, but they just aren't "clever" in that rather suspect, surface, foreign, jabber-jabber kind of way. On the other hand they have CHARACTER, and guts and grit and all that sort of thing, but specially character. No one goes so far as to distinguish whether it is a nice or nasty character, there is just plenty of it.

The English are splendid at going abroad and dealing with natives: that is because they have been to public schools (the English, not the natives).

They are also splendid with animals, both at killing and befriending them. They like animals really better. After all Englishmen and animals both have plenty of character and can only express themselves rather well by means of speech. Foreigners are unlike them in both these respects.

The English know that they are very sporting. Foreigners play games to win, (very discreditable) ; the English just win. They know that other nations despise them because they think of nothing but games and sport, but the English privately think this rather jolly and true to the National Tradition of not making a fuss except about things that are quite unimportant. They like to do this because it is so characteristic and English.

The English frequently say they have no sense of humour. But they do not really mean this. What they mean is that their sense of humour is so subtle and peculiar and English that it shows you have one to say you haven't. And this mystifies the foreigner completely, which is a good thing.

The English know that they are inhibited, but they don't care.

They know their food is bad, but they like it that way.

They know that they "muddle through," and they are proud of it.

They know that they are exasperating with their superiority complex and their awful airs—(not that they give themselves airs of course, but they can't *help* just knowing what an advantage it is to be English), and they are rather pleased at being so exasperating.

In fact to sum up the English, they can see their faults, because they have such a strong sense of humour, only of course one mustn't say so. But they admire their faults, or rather they have a

protective tenderness for them, because they are English ; and therefore better than anyone else's virtues.

The English know that they are illogical and my God, they're right !

